Enter the Queene.

Qu Who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke deſpaire againſt my ſelfe,
And to my ſelfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt.

Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two mirrours of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which greeues me when I ſee my ſhame in him,
Thou art a widdow yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward, and *Clarence*, O what cauſe haue I
Then, being but moity of my ſelfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good aunt, you weepe not for my fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept,

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring foorth laments,
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moone,
May ſend foorth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

Ambo,

Ambo. Oh for our father for our deare Lord *Clarence.*

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*,

Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*, and is he gone?

Ambo. What ſtay had we but *Clarence*, and is he gone?

Dut. What ſtay had I but they and they are gone?

Qu. Was euer widow, had ſo deare a loſſe:

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had ſo deere a loſſe?

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer loſſe
Alas I am the mother of theſe moanes,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I:
I for a *Clarence* weepe, ſo doth not ſhe:
Theſe babes for *Clarence* weepe and ſo do I:
I for an *Edward* weepe, and ſo doe they,
Alas, you three on me three-fould diſtreſt.
Powre all your teares, I am your ſorrowes nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glocester*

Glo. Maddam haue comfort all of vs haue cauſe *with others*
To waile the dimming of our ſhining ſtarre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Maddam my mother I doe cry you mercy,
I did not ſee your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your bleſſing.

Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put meekeneſſe in thy minde,
Loue, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make me to die a good old man:
Thats the butt end of my mothers bleſſing,
I maruaile why her grace did leaue it out?

Buc You cloudy Princes, and heart ſorrowing Peares,
That beare this mutuall heauy loade of moane,
Now cheare each others in each others loue:
Though we haue ſpent our harueſt for this King,
We are to reape the harueſt of his ſonne:
The broken rancour of your high ſwolne hearts,
But lately ſplinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Muſt greatly be preſeru'd, cheriſht, and kept,
Me ſeemeth good that with ſome litt'le traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht
Hither to London to be cround our King.

Glo.